

JIM CALLAHAN

he used to put out hors commerce press
behind his torrance house
in a little backyard bungalow

I sold his products through my
earth books & gallery

small poetry books
by wantling and
assorted prison convict
poets

he would visit at the shop
and several times
I drove down to torrance to
visit him

he was silver haired
soft spoken
a true gentleman

he tried to influence me
to influence bukowski
to join AA

then jim died of a heart attack
I believe
this all happened many
years ago

buk is still going strong
drinking and writing
and fucking and smoking
lots of cigarettes

GAGAKU

they are washing their robes
their socks
their tennis shoes
they have blue hair
light silverish blue
they are
little old lady demons
still with healthy
fangs